

Government BarBQ

Al Gore, the deadbeat father of the Internet, ruined my shower. He ruined my toilet, too, but since this is a mixed company story, I'll try to keep my remarks to just the shower.

While Bill and Al were at the helm, legislation went through under the latter's guidance that ultimately cut the amount of water spraying out of my shower head. What had been the relaxing flush of gallons of water across my shoulders at the end of a hot day in the garden became only a wonderful memory. Whipping my shoulders with a wet wash cloth while the new wimpy shower head eked out a thin stream of water was to be a major disappointment of my day.

I know I said I wouldn't mention it, but Al also reduced the size of toilet tanks, starving the flush of water and stopping up toilets all over America. Hotel managers who installed the new toilets found themselves buying hundreds of thousands of plungers to put in the guest rooms. I guess they figured it was cheaper than having an army of maintenance men on call for constant flushing problems.

Al is probably smarter than me, so I hope he didn't miss the opportunity to buy thousands of shares in toilet plunger companies. And although it may not add up to a huge number of votes, I'm sure he will now have every single plumber in the country voting for him if he ever seeks office again.

The EPA ... or some agency ... is now involved in BarBQ's. We bought a new gas grill in 2011 when we moved south and dealt with its flame baffle for over a year.

Because the baffle prevented the flames from searing the food, meat cooked up just like indoors in our oven. This incensed Mrs. Dave, marking the first time I'd ever seen her so upset

with a government policy regarding the environment.

After a year of un-blackened meat, she brazenly ripped the baffle out of the stove one night as she prepared to cook a steak.

"I threw it in the pond," she said.

"Did anyone from another back yard see you do that?" I asked.

"Who cares?" she said.

"Well, hon, I'm sure this is a breach of a federal statute."

"Who cares?" she repeated.

"Well, hon, it could be a felony to remove a government sanctioned safety device, surely at least a misdemeanor."

"A safety device, huh?" she said.

"Yes, the baffle prevents the burner flames from igniting the steak," I said.

"I like my steak ignited," she said.

"But that's dangerous. It could start a fire and burn the house down."

"I'm not dumb enough to use the cooker so close to the house. That's why the cooker has wheels on it," she said.

"Not only is there a fire hazard," I said, "but burning the meat's fat can produce carcinogens."

"That must be what tastes so good when the meat gets flamed," she said.

"I think you should give more thought to what you're doing here," I said. "The breaking of the penal code, the sully of your debt to society by refusing to fall in line and do what everyone else should be doing, even if they're not doing it."

"Are you serious?" she asked.

"I'm always serious," I said, "... on weekdays. What day is this?"

"Monday," she said.

"Do I sound convincing?"

"Not really."

"I'll take mine medium rare," I said. "Burn the hell out of it."

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